F.J.P.24

TO

# RICHARD CROSBIE, ESQ.

ON HIS ATTEMPTING

# A SECOND AERIAL EXCURSION,*

## IN WHICH HE PROVED UNSUCCESSFUL.

THO' Envy, CROSBIE, vilify thy name,
And ſtrive to blaſt the harveſt of thy fame,
'Tis Virtue's common lot; nor thou repine,
The tribute due to great attempts is thine.
Deep tho' the barbed ſhaft of Rancour pierce,
The ſentence paſt, Time only can reverſe;
To Time, the impartial arbiter, ſubmit,
And let dark Calumny her venom ſpit.
You, of Hibernia's Sons, none can deny,
A Dedalus, firſt launch'd into the ſky, †
And with the flame of patriot glory fir'd,
To the third region of the air aſpir'd;
Untutor'd and alone purſu'd your flight
Thro' untried ſpace impervious to the ſight.
So in the fiery car the Prophet caught,
Majeſtic riſing pierc'd the azure vault,
Towards earth from high his awful preſence bow'd,
Look'd up, and vaniſh'd thro' the impending cloud.
Eyes, take your laſt—thy ſoul's ſoft partner cried,
Her trembling infants clinging to her ſide,
While down her woe-wan cheeks the ſilent torrents glide.
What muſt the huſband, what the father prove,
Leaving the weeping pledges of his love!
And, in his fate involv'd, where's the relief
To ſoothe the orphans cries, the widow's grief?
Nature knock'd at his heart, but knock'd in vain;
His noble daring nothing can reſtrain;
Thro' Hope's proſpective, ſcenes remote he view'd,
Nor dreamt how near him dwelt ingratitude.
Generous as brave the Iriſh are renown'd,
In that preſumption all his cares are drown'd,
And what his ſoul ſuperior had conceiv'd,
He plann'd, conſtructed, glorioufly atchiev'd;
His country's fame among the nations rais'd,
Prov'd his deſert, and liberally was——prais'd.
But in the zenith of his triumph croſt,
Chang'd is the ſcene, his occupation loſt;
On frail foundations all his caſtles rear'd,
In one capricious moment diſappear'd!——
The multitudes that gaz'd with ſtraining eyes,
The tongues that rent with pealing ſhouts the ſkies,
The knees that ſuppliant for thy ſafety bent,
The aſtoniſh'd crowds that witneſs'd thy deſcent,
The hearts that even with adoration glow'd,
The hands that flowers beneath thy footſteps ſtrow'd,
CROSBIE, more fickle than the inconſtant wind,
Mere weather-cocks to every guſt you find;
And tho' exalted to the lunar ſphere,
Foul-mouth'd detraction would purſue thee there;
The hard-earn'd laurel from thy temples wreſt,
And plant with thorns thy unoffending breaſt.

No wonder Babblers ſwell the daily lie,
When better judgments follow in the cry;
Injurious clamours raiſe on vague report;
And with the miſeries of nature ſport.
Lives there from human caſualties exempt?
His crime imputed, What? His laſt attempt——
He fail'd——yet firmly to his purpoſe ſtood,
And all perform'd that art and nature cou'd;
But ſtill he fail'd——and nothing can atone
For diſappointments——tho' the worſt his own;
His fame, his fortunes, what had'ſt thou? at ſtake;
Bluſh, Cenſure, bluſh, and retribution make.

COLUMBUS thus his daring ſails unfurl'd,
Stemm'd ſeas unknown and gave another world;
But found at laſt, to recompence his pains,
His throne a dungeon, and his trophies chains.

FROM wiſdom merit conſolation draws,
Not from the breath of popular applauſe.

* In the New Square of the Barrack, Thurſday May 12th, 1785.

† From the Lawn in the Gardens before Ranelagh Houſe, January 19th, 1785.——At ſeventeen minutes before three, the rope was cut, and the Balloon ſlowly aſcended; when, throwing out a large quantity of ballaſt, he rapidly ſhot up into the wide expanſe—at an immenſe height he ſtood up in his chariot, and ſaluted the ſpectators, upwards of twenty thouſand in number, who now broke the moſt profound ſilence with reiterated acclamations.——In three minutes and fifty ſeconds from his firſt aſcending, he entered a white cloud, and inſtantly vaniſhed from the eyes of the ſpectators.——He paſſed through two other diſtant ranges of clouds ſucceſſively—his greateſt aſcent, the mercury in the barometer ſtanding at fifteen inches ninety-nine hundredths, equivalent nearly to two Iriſh miles, 13440 feet. In compliance with the advice and intreaties of his friends, who, on account of the lateneſs of the hour, and the variable ſtate of the weather, the wind ſcarcely continuing for two minutes together in the ſame point, had requeſted of him not to puſh the experiment too far, he now prepared to return, and in his way, encountering different currents of air, was carried over the Bay, and paſſing near Lord Charlemont's ſeat at Marino, he landed on the Strand, near low-water mark, in perfect ſafety, amidſt a prodigious concourſe of people, who crouded to receive him——They teſtified their applauſe, by carrying him in his Aerial Chariot, with the Balloon floating over it, on their ſhoulders, to Lord Charlemont's houſe in Dublin, all ranks of people vying with each other in congratulations on his ſafety, and admiration of his intrepidity.

DUBLIN, GRAFTON-STREET, May 14th, 1785.